A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, July 24. 1707.

IN examining the Reasons we have justly to be concern'd at the Disasters our Affairs have met with Abroad, the beginning of this Campaign; it came necessarily to fall in my way to consider, what discouragements we seem to be under more than we have Reason for, and who they are that prompt those Discouragements

And here I cannot but with some Indignation observe, that there are in *Britain*, —Ay, and in every part of it North or South, a Party of Men so unnatural, so prepossess'd with an Infernal Spirit, so willing to concur with the Enemies of their own Country, as to rejoyce when their own *Israel* flyes from the Face of her uncircumcis'd Enemies; when their own Countrymen are defeated and slain; when their Armies are overthrown, and they see the Lists of their very Neighbours, Acquaintance, nay, their very Relations, who are kill'd, wounded, or taken Prisoners in the bloody Strife; they not only smile at the horrid Scene, and discover a Pleasure and Satisfaction at the thing; but, *as if the worse, the better*, are ever exaggerating, doubling, and encreasing the View of our Losses, making every thing greater than it really is; raising black Schemes of Consequences, and foretelling worse things to follow, and pleasing themselves to encrease the Terror and Consternation they find People in upon the occasion, and as far as possible, raising Clouds and Mists of Darkness and Discouragements on the Minds of People, as if all was lost, as if all our Labour had been in vain; as if one Battle in *Spain* had restor'd all the *French* Affairs, and the whole Work of the War was to be done over again.

Unnatural Monsters these are, wher-

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ever they are to be found; ſurely ſays a good honeſt Man of Charity, there can be no ſuch Wretches in the World; Nature cannot be reduc'd, or cannot reach to ſuch a pitch of Barbarity; 'tis all one with deſtroying our ſelves; 'tis like Self-murther, 'tis like a Mother eating up the Fruit of her Womb, and ſatisfying her Hunger with her own Infant of a ſpan long; 'tis all Hetrogeneous, Monſtrous, and Unaccountable.

And yet, Gentlemen, let me appeal to common Experience, and daily Converſation—Such there are among us, ſuch our Country abounds with, and their Method is as Ridiculous, as their Practice is Horrid and Unchriſtian; that whenever we are beaten in the Field double our Loſſes, magnific the Conduct of our Enemies, amuſe us with ill behaviour of our own People, foment Jealouſies in us, againſt the Wiſdom or Honeſty of our moſt Faithful Officers, mock our Misfortunes, Drink Healths to the Conquerors, and openly wiſh them more Succeſſes.

'Tis a hard Charge—and if it was not too viſible to need a Demonſtration, too plain for any body to queſtion it; and did not the People that are Guilty of it, take too much Pains to make it publick; I might think my ſelf oblig'd to enter into Particulars — But 'tis perfectly needleſs, they are ſo open in it they ſave me that labour; it only remains for me to enquire a little, *not into Names of Perſons* for that is not my Work, *but into Names of Parties* that is a little proper, and I am ſure may be very uſeful at a time, when it is ſo neceſſary to know our Friends from our Foes, and at a time when their Character may ſo naturally be drawn from their Actions.

In purſuing this nice Enquiry, I ſhall lay down nothing but what I believe will be very obvious to common Obſervation, nor ſhall I trouble the Reader with what is common and natural—I ſhall not take a great deal of pains to rumage Popery in the Caſe, and charge the Church of *Rome* with Principles ſo deſtructive of Humanity, there is a great deal of Pains taken that way already.

If the *Papiſts* are of the number I am ſpeaking of, it is not to be wonder'd at, nor are they ſo much to be charg'd with the Crimes of Unchriſtian and Unnatural; their Principles rather than their Perſons ſeem to be blameable here, and at beſt 'tis what we ought to expect from them; 'tis what they fairly and above-board profeſs, and a *Papiſt*, take him only in his belief, that 'tis his Duty to wiſh or to force all Nations into a Subjection to the Cartholick Church, of him in this Caſe it ought to be expected, and in him I cannot call it a Crime; the blame lyes upon his Principles which he purſues openly, and is a fairer Enemy by half.

Beſides, I muſt do even the Papiſts this Juſtice, that as *Engliſhmen*, and abſtracted from their Principles as above, a great many of them are not Guilty of this Charge, and really do not wiſh the overthrow of *Engliſh* by *French* Power; nay, as Papiſts they do not, they ſee it would deſtroy their Liberty as *Engliſhmen*; ſubject their Property to Tyranny, and themſelves to the hazard of Deſtruction; and they had rather enjoy their Religion in private, than neither have Liberty or Eſtate in Security; and theſe are ſuch Papiſts as no body would perſecute.

But the People I am ſpeaking of are of another ſort, they are Monſters of another Breed, they are Creatures of a kind, different from all that I ever met with in the World; miſerable wretches! They call themſelves Proteſtants, they call themſelves *the Church*; nay, they talk of Principles, boaſt themſelves of ſomething, which not being fit to be call'd by its own Name, they would gloſs over with a fine gay gilded outſide, and call it Religion, Loyalty, and I know not what; like a painted Sepulchre, white and fair without, and within all Rottenneſs and Diſſolution—What ſtrange Creatures are theſe, and by what Name or Title ſhall we diſtinguiſh them! indeed their Actions vary their Names every Day, and according to the different times in which they Act, or the differing Spheres in which they move, they obtain differing Titles and Denominations, by which they are properly to be known.

Thus in King *James*'s time they were Royaliſts, in King *William*'s Rebels; for thus they were acting one Contradiction, for that another; here they would have King *James* be Head of a Church, of which he himſelf reſolv'd

resolv'd not to be a Member; there they would neither have King *William* be Head or Member of that Church he had saved from Destruction—In King *James*'s time they were first for Arbitrary Power — And as soon as ever that Power touch'd themselves they flew in his Face; and were for Liberty, first preach'd *Passive-Obedience*, then took up Arms against their Prince; no sooner had they Deposed him for being a Tyrant, but they were for Deposing King *William*, because he would not be a Tyrant; and all his Reign how did they Sell their Country, betray their Master, and foolishly declare for their old Principles, and their old Master again, tho' he knew them too well to trust them any more, or to depend upon their Promises of assistance?

All that King *James* ever thought fit to expect from them, was to keep them employ'd, in their beloved Drudgery of State Treachery, and as they had Embarrass'd him, so, if possible to make himself amends of their Folly, and set them to embroil the Nation.

In this they have been his faithful Emissaries, thro' a thousand particular Cases, they have stuck at no Difficulty, omitted no opportunities; they have swallow'd all the Oaths, Associations, and Abjurations the Government could contrive for them, purely to promote the Interest of the Protestant Religion; they sincerely Study, Drink for, and pray for the Restoration of a Popish Prince for the Settlement of Tyranny and the Church of *England*, and declare their Occasional Consent to Idolatry and Oppression, in order to prevent Occasional Conformity.

When QUEEN *ANN* came to the Crown, they first Caress'd her Majesty, in order, like true Hypocrites, to perswade their Sovereign to acknowledge her self a Usurper, and that She held the Crown by the Right of Possession only, and to concede the Right in favour of the Pretender as his by Descent—Striking thus at the Revolution and Succession directly, and at the Queens Life obliquely, as the only Obstacle in the way, and all this for the Establishment of the (High Flying part of the) Church of *England*.

When this fail'd, they fled to Tacking, Consolidating, Clubbing, and Caballing, and upon all occasions, have been open Oppposers of our publick Prosperity; In our Elections they have been the Fomenters of Tumult, Riot, Fighting, Bribing, Forswearing, and all manner of Ill Practices — They have been the prompters of every thing that they thought could divide us: To Day they are for Excluding the Princess *Sophia* and all her Race from the Crown, to Morrow for calling her over to reside here, in order to make it more sure to her.

In the Matters of later Debates, we find them fighting against the UNION of the two Kingdoms with all manner of Hypocrisy and Artifice. In the North they misrepresent *England*; in the South they reproach *Scotland*; in one Place they enrage the Papist, in another wheedle the Presbyterian; to these they urge the Lineal Succession, to those the Covenant.

When in all these things they are defeated by Providence, grown despicable and contemptible; they turn their Tongues to Calumny, their Faces carry the Marks of Envy and exasperated Spleen; Rage and Disappointment dwell upon their Brow, and as if GOD had set a Mark upon them, as he did on their great Predecessor the first Malecontent as well as Criminal, so they have something peculiar in their Countenances, and by their Faces you may know them.

These are the People that always smile when their Country Mourns, that Sing when others Sigh, that when we mourn our Disasters, like *Jobs* Comforters, endeavour to make them greater; that when we lose a thousand brave Fellows call them ten thousand, and form Clouds on their Countenances, when their Hearts really rejoyce, on purpose to encrease the Clouds on ours; that cry Fire when there's only a Smoak, are always enlarging our Losses, applauding our Enemies, discouraging the People, and filling our Heads with Death and Despair, rather because they would have us Despair, than that there is any occasion for it.

It is really worth our Observation, to Remark the just Connexion, between the Conduct and the Persons in one Account and in another.

Who were they that applauded Tacking, that roar'd against the Hypocrisy, as they call'd

call'd it, of the Low-church-men, in acting a gainst a perſecuting Bill, under the Notion of cruſhing Hypocriſy — Who have all along oppos'd the Succeſſion and the Union which is its Security; but the ſame Men that drink the Duke of *Berwick*'s Health, the ſame that Sing the new Songs down the ſtreets of the City of *Ed.....gh*,

Away, Whigs away, we hope to ſee the Day,
That the Whigs will run away.

The ſame that Drink the Duke of *Berwick*'s Health for beating the Confederate Army, and wiſh him more Succeſs, though at the Price of their Countries Blood.

It cannot but be a wonderful Confirmation to thoſe that have heartily appear'd for the Good of their Country, to ſee the Chain of Action on which the People have proceeded, who they are oppoſing—To ſee that in Unions, in Settlement, in Succeſſions, in Tackings; 'tis all one Party, they meet with, the ſame Men individually are their Oppoſites, and the ſame Party individually are acting againſt our Peace at Home, that act againſt our Power Abroad.

Are we fighting againſt *French* Power Abroad, we are acting againſt *French* Influence at Home; 'tis all but the ſame Party, the ſame Deſign, the Ends they aim at are the ſame, and will be propagated by the ſame thing.

French Conqueſts abroad, would reſtore *Jacobitiſm* and Tyranny at home; *Jacobitiſm* and its Engines at home would aſſiſt, and according to their beſt Power and Strength do further and aſſiſt *French* Conqueſts Abroad; BE AWAKEN'D, O ye Sleepers, and ariſe from your Stupidity! Can you cloſe your Eyes now againſt the Truth, that has ſo often been in vain inculcated?

Who are they that ſmile at their Countries Misfortunes; who are they that rejoyce at the Slaughters of *Almanza*, that magnifie your Loſſes, and make Ballads at your Deſtruction; that carry Liſts in their Pockets, *which they pretend to be Particular*, and which are double to the true Account; who are they that pleaſe themſelves with the hopes of the Confederates being driven out of *Spain* before Relief can come, and that when you ſend that Relief, wiſh it may come to the ſame Market? Who are they but the ſame People, that cry out of *the Churches Danger*, that *Tack* and *Conſolidate* for Perſecution, that abuſe the *QUEEN* Lampoon *Moderation*, and have done all they can to Embroil us? Pray open your Eyes, Gentlemen.

To go North, who are they, but thoſe that rail'd at the UNION, *ſtruggled* with the Treaty, *Rabbled* the Parliament, *ſtoned* Her Majeſty's High Commiſſioner! pray, Gentlemen look into their Ways, examine their Conduct, ſee if you do not find them the ſame Men, and if you do—See but where you have been going, and ſee why they that wiſh well to *BRITAIN* have Oppoſed them ſo heartily.

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C. Bartlett, of George's Fields.
P. Bartlett, of Goodman's-Fields.